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TIMES

HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE - NOW

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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CHANGING TIMES

"HELPING TIME TO SERVE THE INMATE"

Written, edited and produced by inmates, CHANGING TIMES, is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates - at the same time being an instrument of communication with the residents of the outside world.

Permission for reuse of any or all material is hopefully given. All we ask is that credit be given.

Unsolicited contributions will be more than welcome. We regret we cannot guarantee to return of manuscripts - even though we will make an effort to do so if requested.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 per year.

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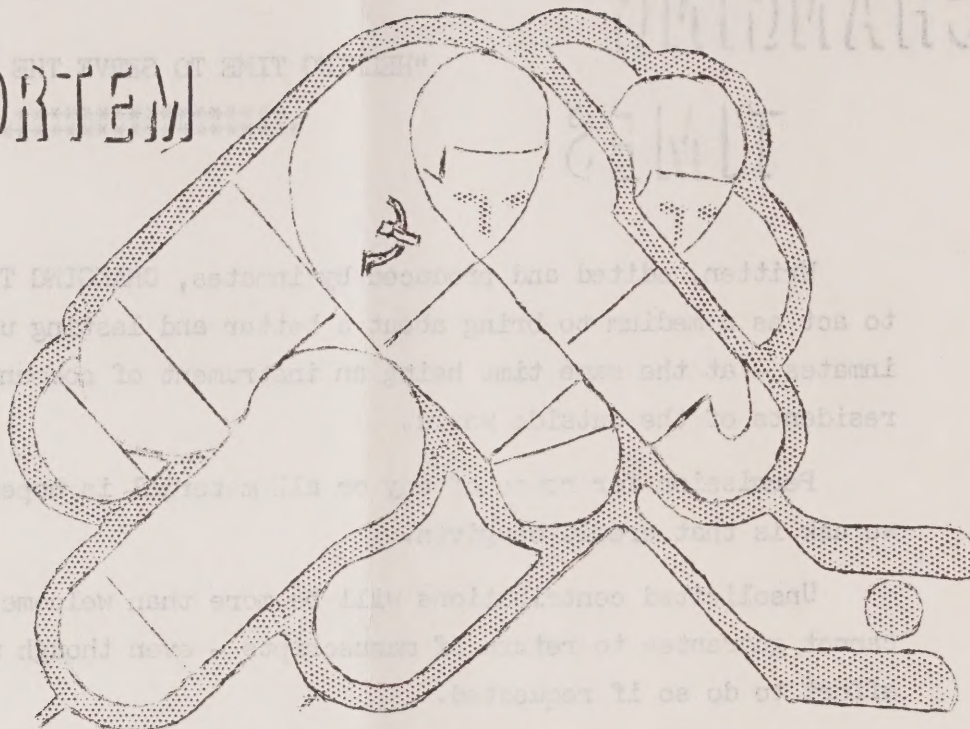
Bob

GIVE THE UNITED WAY

THANKS TO YOU, IT'S WORKING

"Let's Keep It Working"

POST MORTEM



One of the big troubles in trying to put out a monthly publication is the fact that any news is usually "old" and forgotten by the time we get around to it. However, that does not deter me!

Team Canada 74 went, they saw and they were conquered! The series ended up just about the way the experts said it would - with but one or two glaring exceptions.

1. Never has a more flagrant display of incompetency been shown than by the so-called officials of these games. It has been a good many years since I have seen anything like it.

We must remember, however, that it was a case of BOTH teams having the same referee! I don't go too much for that "home town decision" bit. Certainly we got some bad calls, but so did the Reds.

2. In retrospect, neither have I had the experience of hearing so many bad excuses and alibis - from men who make a good living from hockey and who often

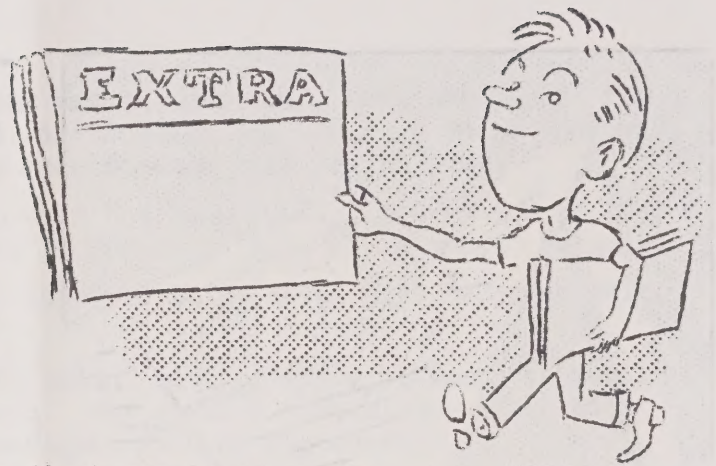
forget the word "pro". Not all, mind you. You didn't hear Howe (Dad, that is!), Hull or even Cheevers come out with half baked excuses. These guys ARE pro's!

I think Gordie Howe summed it all up pretty well when he said "We got the hell beat out of us by a much better team."

As for the treatment accorded the players, this seems to be the same old story, year after year. At least, the same complaints keep coming up.

Why then, do they insist on carrying on under conditions such as that? Could it be that rather than an event of sporting magnitude, this series of "summit meetings" has been turned into a political football?

Before any further series is put on the agenda, all these "beefs" must be eliminated. If not, let's forget the whole thing.



When CHANGING TIMES was first conceived, in December, 1973, we had no idea of making any money. We still don't. But, neither did we plan on losing money.

CHANGING TIMES was not intended as a "hand out" and "throw away". Rather, it was, and is, intended as a form of communication.

Now, my beef!

After many diligent hours of research through The Penitentiary Act, The Commissioner's Directives, four copies of Ladies Home Journal and one copy of The Decline And Fall Of The Roman Empire, I cannot find one word that says it is against the law for the staff to subscribe to our little masterpiece!!

There is nothing to prevent you from merely picking up a copy and sticking it in your pocket - but wouldn't you rest a whole lot better tonight if you kicked in with a buck and helped us keep our heads on the top side of the water?

I am quite curious to see how this investigation of "brutality" at the Don Jail in Toronto turns out.

For years complaints have been heard about this abuse of inmates, not only at the Don, but in other areas as well. These complaints, by and large, have been ignored as "sour grapes". I have seen some fair sized bruises caused by these sour grapes!

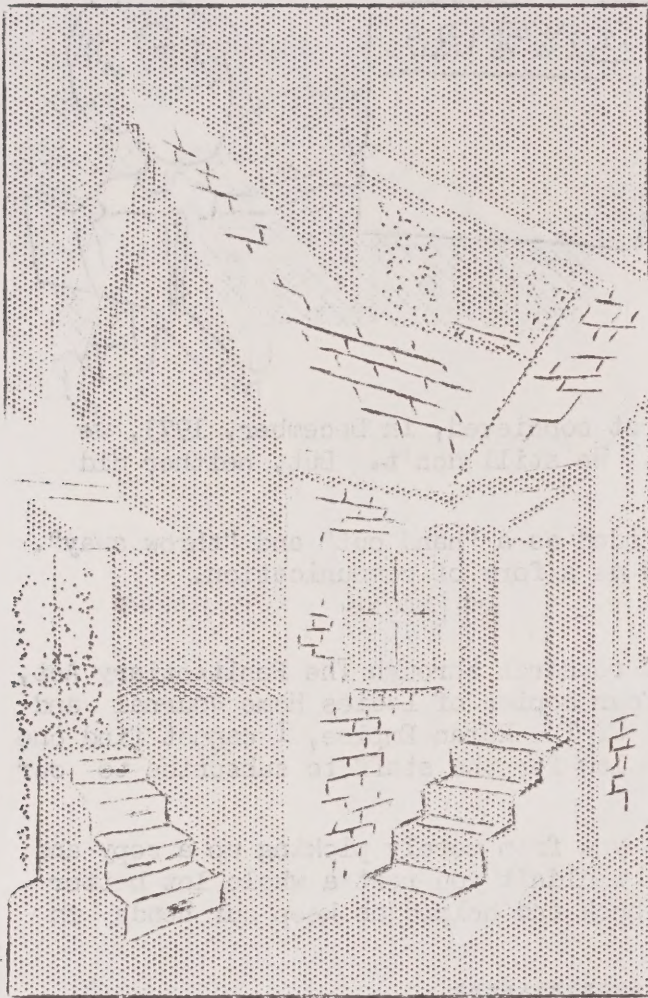
I have no idea if this ex-custodial man is going to prove all the statements he has made, or whether he is merely trying to tilt a few of those proverbial windmills - but you have to admit that it took a few guts, even more so when he "copped out" to being one of the "goon squad" himself.

Let's get all the dirty wash hung on the line this time!

The staff of CHANGING TIMES would be more than pleased to hear from our outside readers.

Do you have any suggestions as to the content of a publication such as this? Let us hear from you.

Bob



THE FRATERNITY

I recently had the pleasure of talking with George Lysionek. George is the House Manager of "The Fraternity", a half way house in Sudbury. The cut at left is a reasonable facsimile of "the house".

Following is a montage of conversation and excerpts from The Fraternity Brochure.

Bob

JUST AN OLD HOUSE BUT FOR MANY, A
NEW BEGINNING!

Men just released from prison, need all the help they can get. Most of them want to find a job and live useful lives. But between the prison world and the working world lie many barriers; a prison record - frequently a lack of formal education or training - unfamiliarity with discipline and job routines - lack of financial aid - and lack of moral support from family and friends.

In March of 1967, with facilities loaned by the Sisters Of Charity and cooperation of St. Joseph's Hospital, The Fraternity Half Way House opened its doors in Sudbury.... Through the efforts of Sister Marie Dukord, founder and present Executive Director, and the assistance of two former prison chaplains, The House had its first humble beginnings on the top floor over the hospital's laundry facilities.

The purpose of "The House" is to help its residents become independent members of society. For some, this may mean more education. For others it can mean finding a job, meeting new friends, establishing a new life pattern and solidifying ties with the community.

The length of stay varies with each individual. In this transition period it is considered important that each resident participate in the life of the house. It is hoped residents will develop a sense of community strong enough to support each other in times of personal crisis.

The Fraternity is managed by Sister Marie Dubord and maintained by donations and Provincial grants. It is open to all men who want to go straight and is non-

denominational. The staff includes a director, a house manager, one cook, a small number of volunteers. Applicants come on a referral basis from the Federal Penitentiary System or the Ontario Correctional institutions, or Probation Services.

The Fraternity is the only house of its kind in the whole of Northern Ontario and is filling a void that has long been in existence in this area.

Anyone with a desire to learn more about this "House" is invited to write:

Mr. George Lysionek
House Manager
The Fraternity Halfway House
112 Riverside Drive
Sudbury, Ontario

Seldom is it possible to find any reason that would make one happy for coming to jail. The negative points far outweigh the positive ones. However, once in awhile you get the chance to meet someone like Jordan Juby.

For the past ten months, Jordan Juby has been Public Information Officer for the Canadian Penitentiary Service in Ontario. Now, he is gone. He quit!

"I didn't understand what I was supposed to be doing here," Jordan said, "and I don't think they did either!"

"I assumed that my job was to be one of communication between the public and the penal institutions in the area. How could I communicate with with the public when I couldn't even communicate with my superiors?"

That's a good question and one, I think, that needs an answer.



Jordan has now left the Penitentiary Service to take a position with the Department of Industry, Trades and Commerce as Senior Editor. They couldn't have picked a better man but the question remains: why did the CPS let a man of this talent get away?

"I think we really had a lot of fine programs going within the Service. There are a lot of nice people with a sincere desire to help, but they should have the opportunity to make it known what they are doing."

Amen, to that, Jordan. It was always a pleasure to have you drop in to our editorial office (some office!) and sit down and expound on what you had in mind. I sure would have liked to see it at work.

Best wishes in your new position and may your success prove to people that almost everyone makes mistakes - even the Penitentiary Service.

"THE CRYING CORNER"

It never ceases to amaze me that with all the talk about modernizing the jail system, no one has ever managed to get around to doing a thing about the intolerable visiting facilities we have at this institution.

The visiting situation here is so degrading, not just to us but more so to our loved ones, that we are forced to ask them to forget about returning. It really is a desperate situation when the thing you really need the most, love and understanding from your family and a few close friends, is impossible to get because of the outdated visiting laws.

You sit at a long counter-like affair, separated by glass and a five foot "shelf". You are surrounded by other families having their visit. In an atmosphere such as this, you try to make your visitor relax. Your only area of communication is a small, heavily screened opening in the glass - situated well above head level, at which you have to almost holler to make yourself heard. This fact makes it next to impossible to discuss anything resembling a personal nature.

If you are lucky enough to be the father of children, they cannot understand the meaning of the barrier separating them from their Dad. Like children the world over, they would like to be held in their father's arms - and cry when this cannot happen. It gets so bad that in a great many cases, both parties look forward to the end of the visit. Instead of it being a time of joy, it turns into a bad joke.

Many people, because of their work, or other reasons, cannot get here during the week, so they come on the weekends... Due to the limited facilities, they wind up with a twenty minute to half hour. Many visitors are from out of town so it seems so useless for anyone to make a trip of five or six hundred miles and then not be allowed to spend a few hours with their loved one. Surely in this modern day and age we can discover a means of letting a man visit his family and friends under a

different atmosphere and with much better conditions than this.

Love and unity of family is supposed to be an inmate's greatest chance in becoming a better citizen. I can't help but wonder how many people would drive 500 miles to see their parents on the street if all they were allotted was thirty minutes - and had the neighbors at their elbows listening in!

I will be leaving here in the near future, hopefully never to return so I can only hope that someone will solve this problem. Then the inmates, as well as visitors will look forward with eagerness - not dread to their next visit.

It is my opinion that visiting between families should have precedence over any other plan for rehabilitation.



WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT - GET INVOLVED!

F I C T I O N

STATE ROAD CAMP 30

Dawn was breaking as we marched towards the yellow caged truck. We lined up in two's behind it and the walking boss ordered us to climb in. A dozen voices chorused, "Yes, Sir." And we clambered into the cage.

The water boy locked **the door** under the watchful eye of the walking boss. The **gun-guard** approached the trailer, hitched to the truck = and gave the signal to go ahead. A yelp came from the bloodhounds as the truck lurched into the gray and dismal dawn.

This was my first day out and I was plenty nervous. I had heard stories from some of the boys back at the main prison, and what they had told me didn't encourage me in the least. Every time the driver threw on the brakes my heart leaped and then we'd pick up speed and I would relax again.

My eyes began to wander around the van and over the faces of my fellow prisoners. In the half-light I could distinguish only a few of the faces. There was that big tall fellow they called "Banjo Head" and Mike who came from my home town. I didn't know any of the others, not by name. Most of them were young - like myself - and **probably** were out of all districts of the country.

All at once we were going through a big town and everyone ~~kneel~~ed down to eyeball the sights. It was so early that the streets were almost deserted. No girls were to be seen. It ~~seemed~~ that Southern girls didn't get up "till much later.

The sound of the motor droned in our ears as we sped out of town into the open countryside. The never ending road side sights, pines, juke joints and trees, flashed by. Soon the truck slowed and jerked to a halt. We had arrived.....

Our job was to cut a right of way alongside the hard road. It was swamp country. The small willows and myrtle bushes and dense undergrowth were welded into almost a solid mass. Beyond the

old right of way was a small forest of tall cypress and black gum springing up out of the brownish-green swamp water. A thick haze hung over the area promising a hot, humid day.

"You, there, boy," barked the walking boss, "git a grub hoe and start on that there big line. I want a day's work. You hear me, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, and I hastily picked up the hoe.



The fellows were strung out in a long line across the area to be cleared, and were hacking waay at the shrubbery and undergrowth. I stepped into a slot between two other guys and began working. The hoe was heavy and sharp. I thought that by lifting it over my head and bringing it down with all my might I could cut through the roots of small trees and bushes. I lifted it like the others and brought it down hard. The ground was boggy and the willow roots springy...

The hoe bounced back, just missed my head and flew out of my hand. As I went to pick it up, the gun-guard's piercing eyes followed me, his finger curled in a tense half circle around the trigger of the shotgun. He didn't say anything; he just watched me....

The fellow on my right was an old hand at the work and I soon noticed him to be doing part of my section so I was able to keep up with the rest. Every few minutes the walk-boss would let go with a bellow: "Bring it down to me, cheer, bring it down." All this meant was us to get the lead out of our pants.

Walking-boss John was a big man. A paunch usually associated with a beer salesman overflowed his belt. He had a dark complexion and were it not for the fact that he had two legs (and paunch!) a comparison to that mythical character "Long John Silver" would be in order... Among his assets was his booming voice, which made even the bravest look up and take notice.



With this apparition in my mind, I kept my head down, pounding away with a redoubled effort at the stubborn roots. How the time dragged! The sun beamed straight down on our naked, sweaty and aching bodies. As we moved, our feet made sucking sounds in the oozing mud.. The sound of steel biting into the root-mass reverberated across the swamp. "How long had we been working? Surely dinner time must be near!" My arms were tired, so tired they could hardly lift the hoe. "Please roll on dinner time, roll on..."

After what seemed an eternity, the order was given to stop working and to line up for dinner. We removed our hat and jacket while we were being counted and then we headed for the bean-pot - a cauldron steaming over the small fire.. tended by the water boy.

Until you develop a taste for black

eyed peas and corn pone, you may not be a lover of them. But I was hungry and I gulped down the stuff with gusto. I leaned back against the shoulder of the road and started dozing in the hot sun. Walking-boss John's bellow suddenly had me on my feet. It was time to go back to work.

Walking-boss John lined us up and struck a pose. "Now you fellers listen to me. You ain't done a damned thing all mawnin" "cept loaf. If you don't git it this evening to suit me, they'll be some sorry men in the gang when we get back to camp."

After this pep talk, we attacked the woods like mad men. Woodchips, mud and water flew in all directions. Small trees and bushes, cut and piled, were left in our wake as we forged on. Some of us would slacken a bit, unable to keep up the killing pace; then that inevitable roar would be heard: "You ain't a city boy now...Get some beef on that handle! You hear me, boy?"

How I got through that endless day I'll never know. When we were riding back to camp that evening, I started to think of the many days of back-breaking labor that lay ahead of me. "I can't do it," I said to myself. Yet around me were fellows who'd gone through all the months, maybe years, of this torture. Their gaunt faces and lean bodies bespoke the trials and the agonies they had endured.....

The truck moved slowly through the heavy evening traffic of the city we had passed through that morning. Twelve tired and mud-spattered faces peered out through the heavy wire mesh, taking in all the neautiful girls. Banjo Head was pointing out a chic in a mini skirt to some of the boys.

"You know," he said, "sometimes a girl reminds me of a mule, being stubborn and contrary and given to too much braying, and yet when you most want to kick them, they can just look at you and - ah, damn it...."

The truck rolled on.....

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE INMATE COMMITTEE

The thinking department to me, like most of us, is my cell where most things seem to have a tendency to somehow righten themselves.

If this sounds crazy to those of you who read this, well, submit your name to be a Committee member then, if elected, judge for yourselves.

To you who haven't had the pleasure or misfortune to be on a Committee, let me assure you that only as a member can you become the target for more criticism, misunderstandings, jealousy and unfriendly attitudes than at any other position I know of. For the life of me I cannot understand why to an unspecified number, on both sides of the fence, the word "Committee" is almost an expression of obscenity! To you "gentlemen", why all the resentment? I always thought that to think positively was better than to think negatively. If you are going to gain success in any endeavour, adopt the motto - "If it's going to be, it's up to me!" It seems to work, but only if you WANT it to.

Next month is election time. To the ones who feel they have something to contribute towards making this "home", for a time, not only a better and acceptable place to live but also but achieving a greater understanding between inmates and staff, submit your names.

This job hasn't been easy, nor did we ever expect it to be - but having more people working AGAINST you than FOR you doesn't make things more pleasant, especially when you have the welfare of the inmate at heart.

To our next electors, a word of advice. The progress we have made can only be continued if you firmly believe in helping each other. With a thought such as that in mind, I must say a word about our sports, for, in here, our sports is supposed to be THE thing.

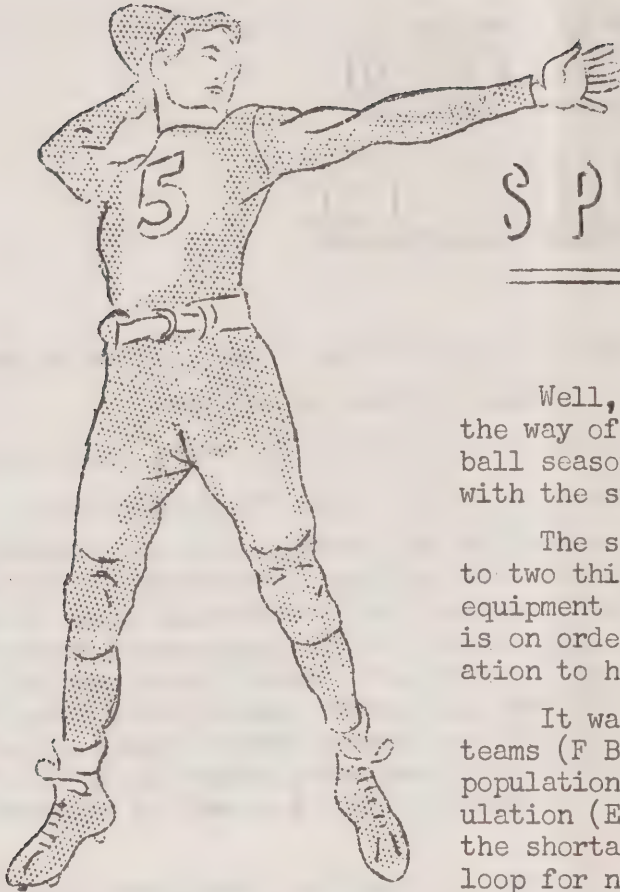
To get any organized sports moving in here, you must be prepared to overlook comments such as one made by one of our more energetic P.T.I's..... quote " If you don't put the weights away after a workout, you'll have to stay sweaty because I won't let you take a shower." !! My point of view on this type of comment is well known to you who know me.

No doubt about it, our Recreation needs improving and I hope our next committee can somehow overcome the problem.

I closing I would like to thank the Staff and Inmates alike who have helped this Committee for there are some who really care about the inmate's welfare. Our Liaison Officer, Mr. Bigford, in all fairness, is in our language "one hell of a guy". Without him, many things could never have been accomplished. Last but not least our thanks to The Director, Mr. Clark for being not only understanding, but helpful, with the problems we have had in the past few months.

Please support your next Committee. They not only need your support - they deserve it.

S.O. Myers (Chairman)
J.M. Cote (Member)



SPORTS

by Alky

Well, there hasn't been much happening in the way of scheduled events since the end of the ball season. But that is soon to be rectified with the start of the Floor Hockey season.

The schedule hasn't been drawn up yet due to two things: (1) The helmets and other safety equipment has not as yet arrived, even though it is on order. (2) The O.K. for non-static population to have night recreation is slow coming.

It was hoped to start a schedule with two teams (F Block and A & B Block) from static population and two teams from the transient population (E Block and G & H Block, but because of the shortage of players, it will be a three-team loop for now - "F" Block, "A & B" Block and one team from non-static. As the population builds the league will be expanded to meet the need.

The Sports Committee has been able to talk Tommy Mulligan into acting as Floor Hockey Commissioner until such time as one is found who can **handle** the job. This job is open to anyone wanting it - but, remember, it has to be one with the understanding that care and intelligence must be shown. The league can be made or broken by the Commissioner. I should, however, clarify one thing. A person cannot hold the Commissioner's position and be connected with a team at the same time. The reasons are obvious: you would be unable to be impartial in your decisions under these circumstances.

The Sports Committee would like to thank all the fellows who made the Thanksgiving Day bingo such a success. Without the dozen or so men on the floor... kitchen men who fixed the goodies and, most of all - the Inmate Committee, Myers and Cote, who were able to come up with so much in the way of prizes. Without them, it would have been a fizzle! (I hear that one of the barbers is still waiting for the number 76 to come up! I don't want to startle you, Bobby old boy - but the game only goes to 75!!!)

A quick head count showed that approximately one hundred and sixteen showed up for the festivities and I know that well over half walked away winners of at least one prize.

Thanks again to everyone concerned.....



Well, for the lack of other news, I guess it is time to step forth and make a few old fashioned shots in the dark on the outcome of the future. (I have an edge on some of the others as I've seen some of the teams in action via the boob-tube and heard some on the radio.

Here goes!



The following will win their respective division championships in the N.H.L. - Philadelphia, Montreal, Toronto and Chicago [Editor's note: I don't know what you're smoking, Alky, but you'd better switch to tobacco!!] In the long run it will be New York against Chicago in the Stanley Cup... with the Rangers emerging victorious. (Remember, you read it here first!).. And don't bother coming around looking for bets because I'm leaving for my padded cell right after this goes to press.

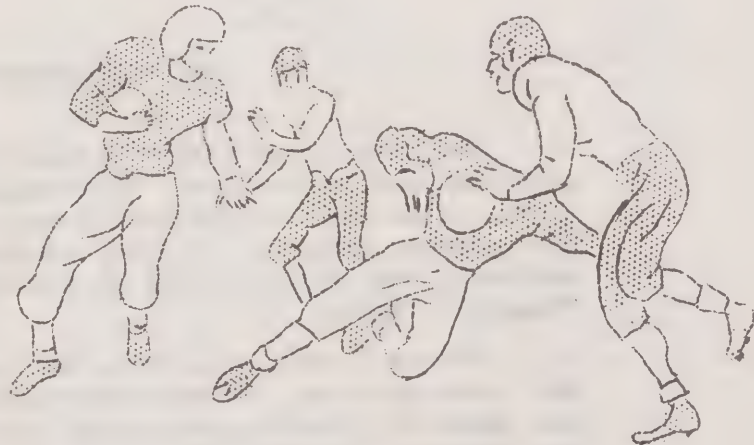
I had figured that it would be Los Angeles Rams and Dallas Cowboys when the Super Bowl rolled around, but it could well be The New England Patriots (led by Canadian cast-off, Mack "Pot" Herron winning over the Vikings from Minnesota. In the C.F.L. you make your bet and you take your choice... Me? I'm going along with the Montreal Alouettes.

The Kingston Canadians look like a good bet to muddy the waters in the Jr. O.H.A. if they can ever get their power play together. They've got some real good young players, even though you'd get the idea that they only had about three if you listened to their play-by-play man. He has to be the biggest "homer" I have ever heard.

I know that I am prejudiced about the Sarnia boys, Crombeen and McKegney - but Mike and Tony, along with Rhiness is THE line with the most potential at Red Bownass' disposal. This line could make or break this club. In fact, they will not only lead the Canadians in scoring - all three of them will be in the top 20 scorers at year's end.

Unfortunately, the Canadians are a little shy on defensive hockey so they will get their lumps quite often. It looks like the Marlies, with either Oshawa or St. Kitts right on their tails. [What about the Fincups, Alky? Ed.]

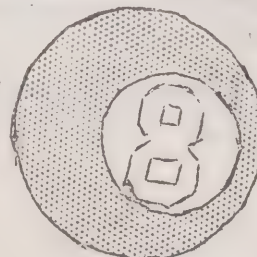
Adios for now all you sports lovers. See you next time with our raving review of all the lumps, bruises and stiff muscles that ye floor hockey enthusiasts have acquired.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

AFTER READING SOME OF THOSE PREDICTIONS, I MUST ASSUME THAT OLD ALKY HAS FINALLY FLIPPED HIS GOURD!!! AT THE VERY LEAST, HE HAS TO BE PLAYING WITH ONLY HALF A DECK!!!

HE'S CERTAINLY PUT HIMSELF BEHIND THE....



I've never had it so good. Really - I haven't had as much peace and quiet for ages. The guy in the next cell to me gets a little irriated when I chuckle to myself, or whistle in happiness, but on the whole.....

I met Gracie one afternoon near the end of a particularly lousy fit of depression. At the bar, she was the only choice, leaving the bartender and the old man down at the end with his head in his hands.

I said, "Hello..." which was a mistake. She took the two intervening bar stools in two bounces.

"Hello. I was wondering when you'd say hello; you looked so miserable. I didn't think you would there for awhile. Do you always drink whisky with milk?"

In the first thirty seconds I knew her name, what day she picked up her unemployment insurance money, "that she missed her boyfriend who'd been sent to jail for something someone else did... 'cause he couldn't have done it... 'cause he wasn't like that..."



GRACIE

With the rye - Well, actually I guess she was attractive. Pleasingly plump, maybe even a little more so... She used her drink to end very complex sentences and usually ended by saying, "Whadda ya think?"

Before I could tell her, she was well into another. It was a change. I was tired of listening to myself - and the afternoon and then the evening was gone. It had sped by.

The next three days were spent at Duffy's. On the morning of the fourth day, there was a tapping at the door - and there was Gracie, suitcase and all. The "all" consisted on one well-worn Loblaw's shopping bag, full of nothing but cosmetics!

"Harry, it's silly having two

apartments, and yours is much nicer."

"But, you - there isn't room."

She looked up at me with a little smile as if I were a sly, silly boy who didn't know the facts of life.

"Gracie; honestly. You have to go back."

"I can't," she replied, already in the door. "I rented my apartment this morning."

Well, at least it would keep me out of Duffy's, and I might be able to get some work done. And, she wasn't - well, anyway.

"Gracie," I said one night, "I'm writing a book."

"About me?"

"Well, no..."

"Why not? I've done a lot of good things."

"Like?"

"Well, everything - almost." She puzzled for a minute and then rushed on. "But, ya have to live, don't ya; before you can write?"

"That's true."

"So, let's go to Duffy's."

"I don't consider sitting in that place all night, living."

"There are some interesting guys hang out at Duffy's. Take Sam Glick; he went to jail once for..."

"...beating his wife."

"No, that was the time before!"

We spent so much time discussing the merits of Sam Glick that finally, it was too late to go to Duffy's.



This semi-domestic bliss lasted two evenings. On the third, she came over, kissed my wrinkled brow and said, "Let's do something."

"But, Gracie, we just did...."

"No, I mean something!"

"Like waht?"

"So, like anything."

So, we did like anything and went to Duffy's - which, by now, was my one idea of doing nothing.

At Duffy's she could be depended on to ask for her song, which was any song - she sang them all to the same tune. She had an ear for music like a gopher with a hearing aid.

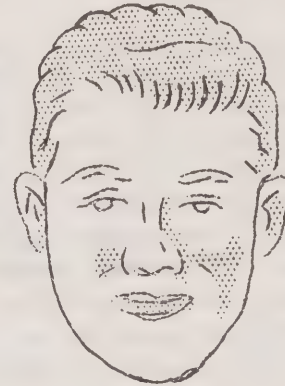
"Ask the man to play 'Tears', Harry."

"Why?"

"I like it."

"But it's a sad song, and they look happy. I don't want to spoil their evening."

"It's a happy, sad song. I'll ask him."



By asking, she would half rise, cup her hands to her mouth - and blast!

"Hey, Bud; play 'Tears'."

I hid under the table. If I rebuked her, she would have one answer -

"It's a free world, ain't it?"

For a person who never paid taxes, violated most of the city ordinances, lied to the unemployment people without shame and refused to answer the census taker for fear her answers might tend to incriminate her, Gracie demanded more freedom than any six people.

The first time I tried leaving her, after about three weeks of it, I set her comfortably on the sofa and explained it all very carefully, point by point: the moral issue, my sick mother - she could have the apartment....To everything, she shook her head.

"You must be sick, Harry."

She followed me to the cab. I guess the driver thought we were both carrying the same small club bag. As I fled over the crowded rotunda of Union Station, she was baying at my heels, and the echoes in Union Station are no small decibel thing.

"Harry, don't leave me," A piercing scream. "Harry, you can't...H.A.R.R.Y!!"

By this time every eye is stabbing at the beast who is sneaking off after callously delowering this poignant picture of betrayed womanhood. My head wouldn't pull down into my collar so we went home and made like tender for awhile, until she fell asleep, the picture of serenity with happy little tears on her dimpled cheeks. And she began to snore.

At the movies, at least I could hide in the dark, but Gracie cried at the movies. If the Indians lost she cried, and if they won, she cried ... because someone had to lose. She almost gave me an opening one evening: after a terribly touching Noel Coward type thing. On the way home she drew herself up, which stretched her bra. almost to the point of no return....and with a soulful sigh, she breathed,

"Harry; we can't go on like this."

I jumped in with both mocassins. "You're so right, Gracie. We can't. It isn't fair to you," I raced on. "You should marry some nice lad and have a few children."

"Do you like kids, Harry?"

"You'd make a wonderful mother."

"That's what we'll do, then."

"What?"

"Have kids."

"But, Gracie, we can't....I mean, you just said yourself that we could not go on like this."

"Well, that isn't going on like that. Having kids is sort of respectable....isn't it?"

Now desperation gnawed at me. The following evening I instigated a fight over the hamburger. I ranted and she raved and vice versa - and when I saw the moment opportune, I packed my bag and huffed home to mother.

The next morning, Gracie was at the door. Mother wouldn't lie...so I had to come out of the closet.

"Harry, it's my fault. I'm sorry.. I'll change, you'll see. Look..."

In her dimpled little hands she held a massive thumb-indexed cookbook....If I didn't go back, she'd move in, and my mother is a bug on the "benefit of the clergy" bit.

The ending came at Duffy's one night. By this time, we'd been there so often that the patrons thought we were Mr and Mrs Duffy. After the fifth drink, Gracie pranced up to the juke box that was blaring while the trio rested.

"Who's got a nickle for the machine?" She has a voice in proportion to her well filled girdle.

"Hey, you...you got a nickle for the machine?"

"For gawdsake, Gracie, stop it..... here's a quarter."

"Why should you pay, Harry - that big guy is listening to the music too. When did he put a nickle in? I sure didn't see him!" She turned to the big guy again.

"Don't be a cheapnik - put some loot in the machine."

The big guy was with a woman and was becoming a little embarrassed.

"Why don't you forget it, lady?"

"Don't talk to me like that, creep! My boy friend will knock you flat..... Come on, Harry. Punch this cheapnik."



The last time I had become involved in a fight at Duffy's, I ended up wearing a shuffleboard puck for a monocle. With

that thought in mind, and not particularly caring what the boys in the lower hall of Vahalla might think, I left. I wandered down the street, muttering through an alcoholic haze...."The end - the very end!"



The traffic cop on the corner wasn't bothering anyone. As a matter of fact, he smiled at me.

"Mr. Cop," I said, "You're a brass - buttoned noodnik and I'm going to punch you in your big fat belly!"

I picked myself up and swung again!!!

Picking up a corner news box, I threw it where I thought he was, but there were two of him. I aimed at the wrong one and it went through a jewellery store window.. That wasn't part of the plan, but I easily Scooping up watches and rings, I started

slid into the mood of the thing. to hurl them at the cop.

I court, Gracie cried something pitiful - swore undying devotion, fidelity and promised to mess around a little more with the culinary arts. She came to visit me every month, wrote frantic letters to the Parole Board, saying "Harry wasn't like that - criminal like!" In exasperation, the parole officer came to see me. I told him I'd rather stay - I wasn't rehabilitated.

She hasn't been to see me for over three months now - and I'm beginning to feel safe, and I chuckle a little.

Some evening someone will say Hello to a chubby blonde at Duffy's - and she'll say,

"I never thought you'd say hello - I miss my boyfriend - they sent him to jail. Harry's not really like that.....!"

I hope he has sense enough to run like hell!



WHY NOT REALLY GET EVEN WITH THAT
GUY YOU HATE SO MUCH? SEND HIM/HER
A SUBSCRIPTION TO

CHANGING
TIMES

PUTRID

POETRY

from the stagnated mind of Bob The Bard!

IT SEEMS TO ME, AS I SIT AND TYPE,
THAT YOU, DEAR READERS, ARE NEARLY RIPE
TO SUFFER MORE - I'LL WRITE THIS POEM,
IT WILL, NO DOUBT, STINK OUT YOUR HOME!

SO - WHAT TO WRITE? I THINK AND MUSE,
I GUESS, RIGHT OFF; I'LL USE-A RUSE:
I'LL TYPE SO FAST, MY MACHINE WILL HUM,
HOW WILL YOU KNOW THAT I'M REALLY DUMB?

THAT CANNOT BE, I THINK, BY HECK,
YOU CAN'T TYPE FAST WHEN YOU "HUNT AND PECK";
WILL THAT STOP ME? NOT ON YOUR LIFE,
MY WHOLE CAREER HAS BEEN ONE OF STRIFE.

I CAME IN THROUGH THAT BIG NORTH GATE,
THE KEEPER SAID, "HURRY UP, YOU'RE LATE!"
" I'M LATE FOR WHAT?" WAS MY REPLY,
DID I ARGUE BACK? WHO ME? NOT I !

TIME PASSES BY, IT CAN'T BE STOPPED,
PAROLE FOR ME? NO WAY - I FLOPPED;
THE WEEKS AND MONTHS, THEY'RE IN THE BAG,
BUT, OH!, MY GOD, THOSE YEARS DO DRAG!

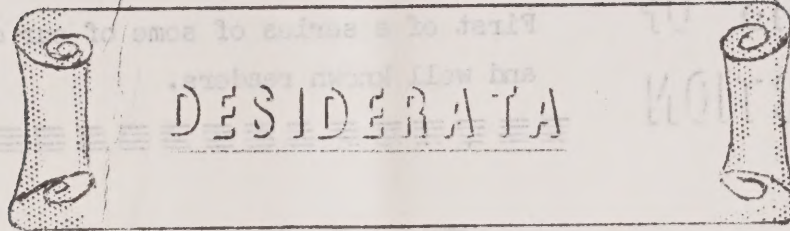
SO, NOW, MY FRIENDS, YOU'VE PAID YOUR DUES,
BY READING THIS - ANYONE FOR BOOZE?
BUT, HANG IN THERE, I MIGHT MATURE,
AND, THEN AGAIN - I'M NOT TOO SURE!

EDITOR'S NOTE

A couple of months ago, our cover carried a question signed by Phred. I am happy to report that I have recently had a letter from his brother, Phrank and his sister, Phrances.

As space does not permit the printing of this little epistle of wisdom in this issue, please be sure and see the November edition.

Bob



REPRINT

[Found In Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore: Dated 1692]

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND HASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS. SPEAK YOUR TRUTH QUIETLY AND CLEARLY: AND LISTEN TO OTHERS - EVEN THE DULL AND IGNORANT: THEY TOO HAVE THEIR STORY.

AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS, THEY ARE VEXATIONS TO THE SPIRIT. IF YOU COMPARE YOURSELF WITH OTHERS, YOU MAY BECOME VAIN AND BITTER: FOR ALWAYS THERE WILL BE GREATER AND LESSER PERSONS THAN YOURSELF. ENJOY YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS AS WELL AS YOUR PLANS.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

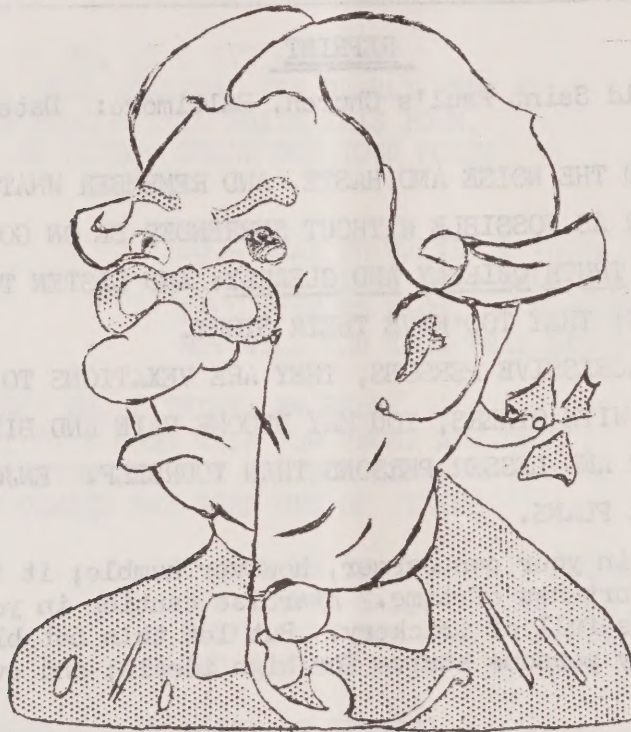
YOU ARE A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE, NO LESS THAN THE TREES AND THE STARS ; YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE HERE. AND WHETHER OR NOT IT IS CLEAR TO YOU, NO DOUBT THE UNIVERSE IS UNFOLDING AS IT SHOULD.

THEREFORE BE AT PEACE WITH GOD, WHATEVER YOU CONCEIVE HIM TO BE, AND WHATEVER YOUR LABOURS AND ASPIRATIONS, IN THE NOISY CONFUSION OF LIFE KEEP PEACE WITH YOUR SOUL.

WITH ALL ITS SHAM, DRUDGERY AND BROKEN DREAMS, IT IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. BE CAREFUL. STRIVE TO BE HAPPY.

READERS OF DISTINCTION

First of a series of some of our distinguished
and well known readers.



THE HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE HENRY O. FREETIME, Q.C.

The Honourable Justice has this to say about CHANGING TIMES

"Recommend it...Controversial...No beer or girdle ads.....

Arrests one's attention...Can only give a favourable verdict.

Suggest a sentence, beg pardon, a subscription of two years."

When asked if he had ever contributed, he replied, " Certainly.

Contributed the staff!"

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